

What should I doe, to make him know I love him,  
For I would faine enjoy him? Say I ventur'd  
To set him free? what saies the law then? Thus much  
For Law, or kindred: I will doe it.  
And this night, or to morrow he shall love me. *Exit*

*Scena 4. Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous,*

*Emilia: Arcite with a Garland, &c.*

This short flo-  
rish of Cor-  
nets and  
Showtes with  
in.

*Thes.* You have done worthily; I have not scene  
Since *Hercules*, a man of tougher synewes;  
What ere you are, you run the best, and wrastle,  
That these times can allow.

*Arcite.* I am proud to please you.

*Thes.* What Countrie bred you?

*Arcite.* This; but far off, Prince.

*Thes.* Are you a Gentleman?

*Arcite.* My father said so;

And to those gentle uses gave me life.

*Thes.* Are you his heire?

*Arcite.* His yongest Sir.

*Thes.* Your Father

Sure is a happy Sire then: what prooves you?

*Arcite.* A little of all noble Qualities:

I could have kept a Hawke, and well have holloa'd

To a deepe crie of Dogges; I dare not praise

My feat in horsemanship: yet they that knew me

Would say it was my best peece: last, and greatest,

I would be thought a Souldier.

*Thes.* You are perfect.

*Pirith.* Vpon my soule, a proper man.

*Emilia.* He is so.

*Per.* How doe you like him Ladie?

*Hip.* I admire him,

I have not scene so yong a man, so noble

(If he say true,) of his sort.

*Emil.* Beleeve,

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman,

His face me thinkes, goes that way.

*Hyp.* But his Body

And fire minde, illustrate a brave

*Per.* Marke how his vertue, like  
Breakes through his baser garment

*Hyp.* Hee's well got sure.

*Thes.* What made you seeket

*Arc.* Noble *Theseus*.

To purchase name, and doe my ab

To such a well-found wonder, as

For onely in thy Court, of all the

dwells faire-eyd honor.

*Per.* All his words are wort

*Thes.* Sir, we are much endeb

Nor shall you loose your wish: I

Dispose of this faire Gentleman.

*Perith.* Thanks *Theseus*.

What ere you are y'ar mine, and

To a most noble service, to this I

This bright yong Virgin; pray

You have honourd hir faire birth

And as your due y'ar hirs: kisse

*Arc.* Sir, y'ar a noble Giver:

Thus let me seale my vowd faith

(Your most unworthie Creatur

Command him die, he shall.

*Emil.* That were too cruell.

If you deserve well Sir; I shall

Y'ar mine, and somewhat better

*Per.* He see you furnish'd, and

You are a horseman, I must need

This after noone to ride, but tis a

*Arc.* I like him better (Prin

Freeze in my Saddle.

*Thes.* Sweet, you must be rea

And you *Emilia*, and you (*Erie*

To morrow by the Sun, to doe

To flowry May, in *Dians* woo

Vpon your Mistris: *Emely*, I h

He shall not goe a foote.